Enter Capulet, *Countie* Paris, *and the Clowne.*

Capu. And *Mountague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike, and 'tis not hard I thinke,
For men so old as we to keepe the peace.
Par. Of honourable reckoning are you both,
And pittie tis you liu'd at ods so long:
But now my Lord, what say you to my sute?
Capu. But saying ore what I haue said before,
My child is yet a stranger in the World,
Shee hath not seene the change of fourteene yeares,
Let two more Summers wither in their pride
Ere we may thinke her ripe to be a Bride.
Pari. Younger then she, are happie Mothers made.
Capu. And too soone mard are those so early made:
The earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she,
She is the hopefull Lady of my earth:
But wooe her gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her consent, is but a part,
And she agree, within her scope of choise,
Lyes my consent, and faire according voice:
This night I hold, an old accustomd Feast,
Whereto I haue inuited many a guest,
Such as loue, and you among the store,
One more (most welcome) makes my number more:
At my poore house, looke to behold this night,
Earth treading starres, that make darke heauen light,
Such comfort as doe lustie yong men feele,
When well apparelld *Aprill* on the heele
Of limping winter treads, euen such delight
Among fresh Fennell buds shall you this night
Inherit at my house, heare all, all see:
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Which on more view of many, mine being one,
May stand in number, though in reckning none.
Come goe with me, goe sirrah trudge about,
Through faire *Verona*, find those persons out,
Whose names are written there, and to them say,

My house and welcome, on their pleasure stay.
Exit.

Ser. Find them out whose names are written. Here it is written, that the Shoo-maker should meddle with his yard, and the Tayler with his Last, the Fisher with his Pensill, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am sent to find those persons whose names are heere writ, and can neuer find what names the writing person hath here writ (I must to the Learned) in good time.

Enter Benuolio, *and* Romeo.

Ben. Tut man one fire burnes out anothers burning,
One paine is lesned by anothers anguish:
Turne giddie, and be holpe by backward turning:
One desperate griefe, cures with an others languish:
Take thou some new infection to the eye,
And the ranke poyson of the old will dye.
Romeo. Your Plantan leafe is excellent for that.
Ben. For what I pray thee?
Rom. For your broken shin.
Ben. Why *Romeo* art thou mad?
Rom. Not mad, but bound more then a mad man is:
Shut vp in Prison, kept without my food,
Whipt and tormented: and Godden good fellow,
Ser. Godgigoden, I pray sir can you reade?
Rom. I mine owne fortune in my miserie.
Ser. Perhaps you haue learned it without booke:
But I pray can you reade any thing you see?
Rom. I if I know the Letters and the Language.
Ser. Ye say honestly, rest you merry.
Rom. Stay fellow, I can reade.

He reades the Letter.

SEigneur Martino, *and his wife and daughters*: *County* Anselme *and his beauteous sisters*: *the Lady widdow of* Vtruuio, *Seigneur* Placentio, *and his louely Neeces*: Mercutio *and his brother* Valentine: *mine Vncle* Capulet *his wife and daughters*: *my faire Neece* Rosaline, Liuia, *Seigneur* Valentio, *and his Cosen* Tybalt: Lucio *and the liuely* Helena.
A faire Assembly, whither should they come?